

## Straight Lines In the Box Coat

Pleasing Variety in Sleeves With Indications of a Return to Exaggerated Size; When Does a Cuff Become a Sleeve?

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—The wealth of artistic and smart ideas in afternoon and street frocks this season, while fascinating, is somewhat bewildering, too.

Of course the chief features are the same, this is out of respect to fashion's dictators, but there are any number of ways that one may vary these details effectively to meet the demands of one's own personality. Fashion shows are becoming as popular with women in general as any smart social event. The dainty, mannequin-like wear the clothes as if to "The Manor House," and perhaps a bit more gracefully.

**The Popularity of the Box Coat.**  
Since the first showing of fall and winter fashions there has been much discussion as to whether the regulation tailored suit with normal waistline, snugly fitted, would dominate; at first it seemed as if it would, but since then



The Modish Box Coat.

there has been a decided change toward the looser, belted models, unbuttoned coats with a half suggestion of waistline, or stranger still, no waist at all, a return in effect to the box coat.

These box models are now very smart indeed; they appear in tailor-made suits, separate coats and fur coats. Most of the fur coats, in fact, show the box back, even if the front of the coat is belted.

The effect of these unfitted coats is a bit more youthful than the fitted lines, which demand beauty and grace of figure. The French woman appreciates the line that is most becoming to her figure, and in most instances this is the straight line.

Among the new frocks and suits there are, too, boleros and blouses that are really quite charming. These also are becoming to the average figure.

One seen at a recent fashion show was of gold lace, combined with black charmeuse; it was on an afternoon frock, and was simple to a degree, but unusually attractive. Another of dark blue serge was made with square cut yoke, back and front, to which the lower portion of the skirt was gathered, forming a soft, full line across the bust, being drawn snugly in at the waist.

It was fitted to a two inch belt of the serge. The skirt also showed the yoke and was embroidered with a chain stitch design worked out in silver

threads at the joining of yoke and lower portion of the skirt. The same embroidery was carried out on the jacket, on the collar, fronts and belt.

**The Necessary Touch of Fur.**

One in talking of fashions must speak again and again of fur—it is so absolutely necessary to gown and suit that every imaginable animal that has a furry-pelt is being utilized, and the furriers are reaping wonderful harvests. Among the most popular furs for trimming purposes are beaver, seal and krummer. The dark blue serge is smartened with a touch of natural gray krummer, and the satin finished broadcloth is enriched by narrow and wide bands of seal or beaver.

**Interesting Skirt Lengths.**

We have become accustomed to the short skirt suit and frock; when not carried to the extreme, it is far more satisfactory than a long skirt, especially with the vogue of the very wide skirt. We have become used also to the round length evening frock for dancing, and approve of its comfortable, common sense, but the formal dinner frock, with its slinky, pointed train, and its extremely short front is somewhat disconcerting. One unusually striking model exhibited lately, developed in a wonderful brocade of Bianchini's, was made with one of these extremely short skirts and a long, pointed train; although rich and wonderful, the gown was startling and decidedly bizarre in effect. Much of the grace of the gown is sacrificed with these skirts.

**A Variety of Sleeves.**

There is a wide choice in style of sleeve for both house and street costume. The later models show a pronounced use of the sleeve set into the armhole with gathers. At present the vogue is for the moderately large sleeve, with a slight exaggeration of fullness at



A Krummer Trimmed Serge.

the elbow and over the hand. The flare is decidedly modern and there is almost no limit to the width of the flare. Slashing, trimmings, contrasting bodices and panels are details of the new cutter; and the cuff may be of any length, from the very narrow band cuff to the gauntlet which reaches to the elbow and even above, leaving one to wonder when the cuff begins and the sleeve ends. Do these cuffs and gatherings protect, perhaps, a return to the big sleeves with their inside ruffles and banding of crinoline which made life so interesting some years ago?

## DAINTY EVENING FROCK

By LA RAconteuse.

For the young girl there is nothing quite as pretty and appropriate as a dainty white dance frock. Here a charming frock is developed in white silk net with narrow bindings of golden rod satin. This same material is used in the drop skirt. Dainty clusters of velvet roses lend a bright touch to the waistline.



As Told by the Wife

## The Story of a Doctor's Wife

Lenore Wants To Stay With Betty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALWAYS by my side, gentle and kind and helpful, was Lenore. To me she no longer represented the woman my husband had come to love—there was nothing of jealousy or bitterness in my attitude toward her. She ministered to me gently, with all her knowledge of nursing to make me kind.

Again, I was "Miss Connie," the woman who had rescued her from the slums and set her on the path to position and achievement. To me she was Lenore, my little blue-eyed protegee, competent and kind, both hilly the efficient, splendid nurse "Miss Wallis" had proven herself to be.

At last we reached Chicago, and I found myself suddenly in the haven of my father's home. I hardly dared ask the thing I must know, but I must then, on the way home, he told me very gently that Mabel's funeral would be to-morrow and that I must be very quiet and hide my tears lest the shock of the knowledge harm Betty.

**Connie Sees Betty.**  
An hour later I sat at Betty's bedside in a darkened room. Lenore, in her white uniform, was doing wonderful things with flowers and fruit and gifts that had been massed in a gloomy clutter on the mantelpiece. She seemed to be bringing some semblance of cheer into the sickroom. But Betty saw nothing. She only clung to my hand and moaned out her little sobs.

"I want you," she said, "I want you so—there wasn't anybody else, and I missed your nice home and your kind, kind brother, and it was so lonely and poky here. So when Harvey Blake got in, I just went."

"I took Mabel along so people wouldn't talk. I didn't do her any harm, did I, Connie? It's all right, isn't it—you understand? I thought maybe Mabel would hear of it and then Jim and he'd see somebody who liked me, and so he might respect me a little more."

"Oh, Connie will I have to pay, do you suppose? Will I be lame? Will my back always hurt like this and my head always ache? I only wanted to show Jim other men would like him. I could only kiss Betty and assure her that it was all right. My little sister's jealousy had cost Mabel's life and had left her own and Harvey Blake's in the balance. Suddenly I knew jealousy for the ignoble thing it was. And I knew, too, that though I lost me Peter's love and trust and ever I must phone to Jim that night and ask him to come home to Betty."

But would he come?

**Lenore Wants to Stay.**

"Miss Connie, I think I found my job," said Lenore to me one morning, a fortnight after our tragic trip to Chicago. "The doctor says Mr. Blake

will never get well enough to leave his invalid chair and that he thinks I am the very person to go over there and manage the house and keep the attendant who takes care of the poor man in order. Your sister won't need me much longer. . . . Will you let me go?"

"Let you go, Lenore? Isn't your life your own? Of course I'll let you go. That will probably be a splendid place for you for a few months until you're ready to go back to New York."

"I'm never going back, Miss Connie. I don't forget that I'd just be flotsam and jetsam somewhere down in the backwaters of life if you hadn't come and fished me out." She laughed wryly at her own little simile—but I knew there were tears behind the laugh.

There was something between us that Lenore and I could not discuss—my husband's wavering love, the love that consecrated for her and inefficiency in me had made it inevitable for him to feel. I knew that Lenore was bravely staying in Chicago to save me the pain of the total loss my husband's protection must mean. Gratitude was making her big enough to give him back to me. I wondered if it could make me fine enough to give him to her. I didn't think of the children or of myself just then. I only looked at Lenore and wondered if she were Peter's real mate.

"You'll write me sometimes, Miss Connie?"

"Not very often; you won't be here long enough, Lenore. I think I'll take you back when I see."

The girl shook her head stubbornly. But this problem I meant to work out and the other two people must accept my solution.

I still retained the idea that life was a little problem waiting for me to solve it neatly and efficiently. I had not yet learned how long is the arm of circumstance and how great the power is of fate.

Betty convalesced slowly. Jim had not come. The night I phoned to New York I was informed that Mr. Farley was not in the city. The letter I had sent him remained unanswered and I had not dared write to Peter and tell him Betty's story.

I remembered too well the bitter curtness of "So that's why you offered me my freedom," when he read the letter I had once written to Jim in Betty's behalf—the letter that sounded as if I were trying to bury my own love and to persuade the man for whom I cared to cloak our infatuation under cover of his marriage to my sister.

The days dragged on cruelly in the house of mourning. Betty convalesced slowly. She had a vast indifference to life and her strange lassitudes made her willing to let me without exerting herself to prove the theory of all the doctors that she was "sound as a nut—but nervously tired."

## A Narrative of Everyday Affairs

## Their Married Life

Helen Pays A Visit To Warren's Office and Talks To Miss Evans.

HELEN dressed with unusual care and tied on her face veil with a glance of approval in the mirror. She was going down to Warren's office, and although she had no real business, she was going to do as much as she could to meet Miss Evans face to face.

She had been looking for Warren for some time. He had been looking for her, too, but she had been so busy that she had not had time to go. Now she was going to do as much as she could to meet Miss Evans face to face.

She hurried along after leaving the subway and entered the office building. The elevator left her at Warren's door and she opened the door of his office. Warren looked up from his desk. A blonde woman sat at the typewriter and she looked up at Helen as she entered.

Warren rose hurriedly. "Don't get up, dear," said Helen, breathless, conscious that she looked like a ghost. "I'm just going to see Miss Evans. I forgot to leave my money."

"Guess I must have. Did you need it today?"

"Why, surely, because I came down for it." She paused and looked aside at the stenographer.

"Do you want bills?" queried Warren.

"Yes, please; I am going shopping this morning."

Warren was about to walk over to the safe when Helen said sweetly: "Is this Miss Evans' desk?"

There was silence for a moment, and the girl looked up from her work. Her cheeks were flushed and she was undeniably beautiful, in a simple little blue dress open at the throat, her wonderful hair gathered up on top of her head. She was too artificial looking, but then men never discriminate, thought Helen to herself.

**Helen Goes to Ensign's Camp.**

"Are you a stranger here in the city?" she continued.

"Yes, I am," the girl said, after a minute's pause.

"Well, it doesn't take long to make friends, does it? Did I see you at the Gilmore having tea last week? I know Mr. Curtis recognized you. Where is your home, Miss Evans?"

"The girl hesitated. 'We did come from the south,' she said, finally, 'but we are scattered all around now.'"

"My husband has told me all about

you, and you must let me do anything I can to help you. I was talking of your case only yesterday to my friend."

"Yes, I do," said the girl.

The girl sat silent, and Helen turned aside to look at her.

"Well, dear, I am waiting for the money. Oh, Miss Evans," she said, "you mustn't let that affair of the other evening make you unhappy. I hope you found your mother better?"

Warren was at the safe and turned as though to expostulate with Helen. Helen did not see him, however.

"Wasn't it your mother? Oh, my mistake. Of course, Mr. Curtis was glad to hear that you were well, and so was I. You must help me to correct any unpleasant rumors that you happen to hear. You know how they will spread."

"Here's your money," said Warren, coming over and interrupting the conversation. His brow was as black as a thunder cloud, and he handed the bills out with a shaking hand. Helen felt terribly exalted, and her usual timidity seemed underneath for the time.

**She Follows Up Advantage.**

"Warren," she said playfully, touching him on the arm with the tips of her gloved fingers. "You must do everything you can for Miss Evans. She is in a rather questionable position just at present. And don't let any of those hurried men make her uncomfortable. That is the penalty for being so pretty, Miss Evans," she said, turning back to the girl.

"If you got tired of office work, why don't you try moving pictures?"

The girl looked up, as though to say something, but her eyes fell before Helen's. Helen felt as though she could not humiliate her enough before Warren.

She turned her gaze on Warren and the words on his lips died away.

"Where shall I meet you, dear, at Manly's?" All right, 12:30 sharp, Good-bye," and Helen reached up and planted a kiss on the tip of his nose. Then she went out with a nod to Miss Evans. Her cheeks were on fire and she quaked inwardly, but she hadn't been so happy in four days. Warren would see that she had some pride, even if it happened to be furious at what she had done. Copyright, 1915, by the International News Service.

## England and Germany to Be At War For 100 Years Says Germanized Briton

Berlin, Germany, Nov. 20.—Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who, although the son of an English admiral, has become a German, has contributed in one of the Hamburg newspapers a statement of his views on the present and future relations between England and Germany.

He is convinced that the war between the two countries will last for at least a hundred years.

He does not mean, he explains, that the present fighting will continue so long a time, but rather that an international struggle has commenced of which the world war is but a phase.

"The German word 'Freig'," observes Mr. Chamberlain, "means much more than the English word 'free' or the French 'liberty.' It really signifies an obstinate persistence in the endeavor to accomplish some purpose. In this sense the war between England and Germany was long feared, and every effort was made to avert it, but in the end it was wretchedly brought about. Now we must steel ourselves, for the contest will be conducted as bitterly after peace has been concluded as it is being conducted now."

## Court Forces Farmer To Take 50 Cents Car for Hay

Hamburg, Germany, Nov. 20.—Through a most unusual legal ruling, which in many quarters is attacked as ludicrous, a farmer has been obliged to sell a carload of hay for two marks (50 cents). He had telegraphed to his would-be customer that the price would be 200 marks, and some employee of the telegraph office lost the last digit in sending the message. The astonished customer lost no time in accepting the "200" mark offer. When the customer declined to pay the 200 marks the case went into court and the telegram was produced as evidence that the two marks had been asked for the hay. To vain the farmer pleaded that it was through

no fault of his that the cipher had been "transmitted." The answer was that he should have spelled out the sum in the telegraphing the message. He decided, however, the Imperial telegraph office cannot be held responsible for the mistake and that the sale must stand.

## OPHELIA



## Old-Fashioned Materials In New-Fashioned Suits

Novel Matelasse Weaves Harmonize With Furs

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A smart wrap of black velvet and satin brocade is combined with plain velvet and trimmed with fur. A special feature is the scarf-collar edged with fur.

Unusual in its yoke and sleeve features is a French blouse of cream chiffon and lace.

The jacket is semi-fitting and fastens way over on the left side. There is no attempt to fit the front with darts or pleats, with the result that a sort of impromptu fold introduces itself across the waist line, which accentuates the natural line of the figure.

About the neck there is a funnel collar of malina and this same peltry contributes the deep cuffs. A feature of the latter is the projected cuff of cloth falling beneath the fur band and showing a facing of Oriental brocade.

There are no between sizes in hats. One must wear a large hat or a small one. For Paris has provided no medium shapes, although she has taken great care to offer a wonderful variety in the extremes of headgear one encounters at all hours of the day and evening where women congregate.

Some of the fall sport suits are of white cloth, but, logically enough, the cloth is of some simple weave that free-cloth may be laundered like a cotton or linen garment. Washable English flannel, stockette, Tyrolean cloth may be cited as favorite sport fabrics. Very often there are muff